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## **A NEW CRANFORD: BEING A MORE OR LESS TRUE ACCOUNT OF AN EXPERIMENT**

**DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR J. B., WHO OF ALL OTHERS BEST  
UNDERSTANDS WHAT PROMPTED ITS UNDERTAKING**

By ISABEL McISAAC

Late Superintendent of the Illinois Training-School, Chicago

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### **V. MORE EXPERIENCES**

ONE's exalted ideas of mankind held at twenty-five are very apt to get a great many serious injuries in the course of twenty years in a hospital, and it takes several years for one to strike an average and make a differential diagnosis between the wheat and the chaff.

We find that previous experience not only valuable but interesting and vastly amusing at times in our present lives. Not a man of any sort or description comes to our place on any kind of business but we can compare him to some patient, doctor, or hospital official. We find our neighbor farmers very kindly and helpful, ready to assist us in any way, but still they are sceptical and very patronizing, not intentionally, but being of the superior sex it is their privilege. However, it is different now, for we are bound neither by professional etiquette nor institutional rules to endure more than the angels, and may turn again and rend them if they become too lordly.

We find that the more "do-less" and good for nothing a man is the more ready he is with gratuitous advice. If he works "by the day," to use the common phrase, and never will have two fifty-cent pieces to make a dollar, he tells us about all sorts of very expensive and elaborate machinery we ought to have and can't get on without, he tells us that our fruit-trees are all of the wrong variety, and dwells at great length upon the prices his uncle gets for eggs from another kind of hens than ours. He brings his lunch-pail with him to his work, and we see him consuming strawberries in April with cold lamb, pastry, and cake, while we have stewed rhubarb, eggs, and an occasional ginger cooky. We meet his wife on the road with her apron full of stale bread, baker's at that, going over to feed it to the dogs in the kennels next door, while she scorns our offer of pumpkins because they are too much trouble to cook. He tells us we are foolish to pick our apples, we should shake them off the trees, and relates how this man or that man fooled the fruit-buyer and got just as much for his apples as we will, who pick

ours, and when we say that is dishonest and the man will get a bad reputation, he looks, but does not quite dare to say, that he thinks us a pair of fools who need a man to look after us.

When the plumber arrived from town with all the arrogance of his sex and trade he little thought that, like the doughty general, he would "march up the hill and then march down again." His experiences had evidently been with timid housewives who were cowed before his lordly manner, but Euphemia was fresh from her hospital campaign, and when the smoke of battle cleared away we heard the plumber telling the sympathizing carpenter that he was "darned glad he didn't have to live with that woman."

We have recently become members of the State and local Horticultural Societies and are greatly interested by the similarity to other societies not more than a thousand miles away "whose names shall be nameless."

There are the same energetic, enthusiastic ones who labor early and late and carry the burdens and responsibilities of the others, the same fault-finding objectors who do nothing themselves and feel it a duty to obstruct the workers, the same inert ones who are blown hither and yon by everybody's opinion and are too lazy to cultivate opinions of their own, and can always be depended upon to vote for every foolish, faddy idea presented, and the same few who drive a presiding officer to distraction by asking questions about things everybody knows were settled at the meetings last year. We labelled them all, and several times with one accord said to each other, "There goes ——."

It is really remarkable how much similarity there is in horticulture and our previous work. The trees and vines are afflicted with all sorts of ills due to bacteria, and must be prescribed for and nursed like patients—yes, and dieted too.

One of the papers read at a meeting we attended was upon "Feeding an Orchard," which was quite as scientifically presented as one on "Feeding a Typhoid" might be. Great stress is laid upon the chemistry of the soil, and we were much astonished to find it tested with litmus paper for acidity.

Every spring the trees and vines are treated to repeated sprayings with some germicide, the one for the San Jose scale being an elaborate mixture of lime, sulphur, salt, and water, which is boiled for several hours and applied hot, which, it may be readily seen, involves tremendous labor and expense, but the effect of these various sprayings upon the trees and their fruits is as marked as the difference between surgery done with aseptic methods and that done without. The first year we bought our place there was scarcely a sound apple or plum, but the next year

we had bushels and bushels of beautiful fruit, and we look forward to still better results this coming season.

It did not occur to us that the farm might afford us some hospital practice, but after a case or two in every department—obstetrics, gynecology, medicine, surgery, and contagion—we were ready to agree with the old lady who said she thought human nature was the same the world over even in hens.”

The two cows were dehorned in warm weather, and, as has been known in other surgical operations, the mistake was made of removing too much, and in consequence their heads had to be dressed morning and night for many days. We used the low, sloping roof of a hen-house for a dressing-table, hung an irrigator on the limb of an oak-tree, and tied the cows between two trees, where they usually snorted and pawed and jerked their heads continually, which naturally expedited some of our movements. After the dressings were on we devised a many-tailed bandage which was tied under their chins and to their halters; usually this bandage was made of some old seersucker petticoats, which gave the poor beasties the most ludicrous appearance, which they deeply resented by fussing and scratching through the bushes until they got them off, the whole pasture being strewn with the remains of various garments all summer.

Among the chickens we have had a wide practice. The hawks hurt many little ones which they did not kill. One poor little creature which drooped for several days and died we found had a stab-wound of the abdomen, from a hawk's bill, probably, and died of a typical peritonitis. They often have pneumonia, and in every “hatch” from an incubator there are a few who look as if they had marasmus, with large heads, small bodies, and weak legs. They have various ills for which they must be isolated, and really need as much care as sick children—indeed, we often think of the many poor, neglected youngsters who would be grateful enough for half the care that we give to our birds and beasts.

(To be continued.)

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TREATMENT OF RING-WORM OF THE SCALP WITH THE X-RAY.—The *New York and Philadelphia Medical Journal*, quoting from *Presse Medicale*, says: “Sabouraud and Noire report excellent results from this mode of treatment. Among the results are increase in the number of cures without hospital treatment, lessened number of hospital cases, diminution of the length of hospital treatment, and the abandonment of special local provisions for such patients.”